For what he has he giues, what thinkes he ſhewes,
Yet giues hee not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender obiects, but he in heate of action,
Is more vindicatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*, and on him erect,
A ſecond hope as farely built as *Hector*:
Thus ſaies *Æneas* one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his ynches: and with priuate ſoule
Did in great Illion thus tranſlate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Aiax* hould thine owne.
Troy. Hector thou ſleep'ſt awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are well diſpo'd, there *Aiax*. *trumpets*
Diom. You muſt no more. *ceaſe.*
Æne. Princes enough ſo pleaſe you.
Aiax. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then will I no more,
Thou art great Lord my fathers ſiſters Sonne,
A couzen german to great *Priams* ſeede,
The obligation of our bloud forbids,
A gory emulation twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixtion Grecke and Troyan ſo,
That thou couldſt ſay this hand is Grecian all:
And this is Troyan, the ſinnewes of this legge
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my mothers bloud,
Runnes on the dexter cheeke, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my fathers. By *Ioue* multipotent
Thou ſhouldſt not beare from mee a Greekiſh member,
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made.
But the iuſt Gods gainſay,
That any day thou borrowd'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword,
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*:
By him that thunders thou haſt luſty armes,

Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen all honor to thee.
Aiax. I thanke thee *Hector*,
Thou art to gentle, and too free a man,
I came to kill thee cozen, and beare hence,
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, fame with her lowdſt (O yes)
Cries, this is he, could promiſe to himſelfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance heere from both the ſides,
What further you will do.
Hect. Weele anſwer it,
The iſſue is embracement, *Aiax* farewell.
Aiax. If I might in entreaties finde ſucceſſe,
As ſeld I haue the chance, I would deſire,
My famous coſin to our Grecian tents.
Diom. Tis *Agamemnons* wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas* call my brother *Troylus* to me.
And ſignifie this louing enterview
To the expectors of our Troyan part,
Deſire them home. Giue me thy hand my Cozen,
I will go eate with thee, and ſee your Knights.
Aiax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs heere.
Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles* my owne ſearching eyes,
Shall finde him by his large and portly ſize.
Agam. Worthy all armes as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy.
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Agam. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſſe to you.
Mene. Let me confirme my princely brothers greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers: welcome hether.
Hect. Who muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thankes,